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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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Five Dishonest Politicians Have Been Sent to the Penitentiary in Pennsylvania.*-If this System Were Generally Adopted, Our Legislative Halls Would Look Pretty Much as Above.

* They Were NOT-But They Ought to Have Been.

PUCK.

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PUCK ON WHEELS!

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE HORRORS OF MOVING-DAY are begin-
 ning to fade from the public mind. The
 smashed mirrors have been replaced; the
 upholsterer is mending the broken-legged chairs
 and the knobless bureaux; the missing bric-à
 brac has been found or forgotten; the carpets
 are down and the beds are up, and the new
 house begins gradually to assume that air of
 familiar dowdiness which we associate with the
 Home. Yet even this sense of partial peace
 and comfort is not universal. The curse of
 the carman and the house-cleaner is not so
 soon lifted. In too many a brown-stone-front
 to-day, this fifth day of May, will the hapless
 citizen wearily perch himself on the end of a
 Saratoga trunk to eat, off the top of a packing-
 box, his frugal and informal evening meal,
 bolted for the bare purpose of supporting life
 and dyspepsia.

Of what does the New York citizen's evening
 meal consist? Saleratus and alum, disguised
 as bread; chiccory, in the guise of coffee;
 terra-alba, masquerading as pulverized sugar;
 glucose that claims to be syrup; chalk and
 water, playing at being milk. The adulteration
 of food has resolved itself into a system so vast
 that the uninitiated mind can scarcely realize
 it. Unless a man has been an active and en-
 terprising grocer himself, he can never know
 what he is eating; and, according to some re-
 tired and reformed purveyors of groceries, not
 even the ex-professional adulterator himself
 can hope to get pure food for his own con-
 sumption. The very articles that the jobber
 and retailer debase for their respective profits,
 have been previously primed by the first-hand-
 ers—and heaven knows what ingenious iniquity
 the producer was up to.

It is the Professional Expert who is at the
 bottom of all this unpleasantness between the
 dealer in and the consumer of the food which
 goeth into man's mouth. There was a black-
 ing-manufacturer once who boasted that she
 "kept a poet;" and, in the good old times, it
 was a mark of social respectability for an
 American aristocrat to own a Judge or two, or
 even a Congressman. Nowadays, the correct
 commercial thing to do is to keep an Expert.
 Experts are as plenty as blackberries, and,
 although at present not so cheap, are crowding
 the market in a way that will ultimately bring
 them down from the position of an elegant
 luxury to a commodity within the reach of
 dealers of the most moderate means. Pretty
 soon even the humble corner-groceryman will
 be able to show you the certificate of a first-
 class, full-rigged professor, guaranteeing the
 dryness and combustibility of his five-cent
 bundle of kindling-wood.

The utter worthlessness of expert testimony
 is beginning to be understood in our law courts.
 Several judges have lately remarked that ex-
 perts were bound to testify "straight" for the
 side that called them; and that pecuniary con-
 siderations lay at the bottom of their differences
 of opinion on the subject of poisoned stomachs,
 "upset" bullets and mysterious handwritings.
 It would be well if that less conspicuous yet far
 more dangerous variety of expert whose analyses-
 to-order deceive the public, not on the witness-
 stand; but in the advertising columns of the
 newspapers, were as well understood for the
 humbug that he is. Why, you could get
 trichina-jelly sworn on the trade as a healthful
 and palatable article of diet, by a learned
 scientist with a whole honorary alphabet in the
 rear of his name—you could, if you had the
 necessary funds to draw on. Chemical science
 is getting decidedly too beastly familiar with
 certain lines of trade—too familiar for its own
 respectability and the public's health.

There is Edison, for instance. Edison is
 not a humbug. Far from it. He is simply a
 man of a type common enough in this country
 —a smart, persevering, sanguine, ignorant,
 show-off American. He can do a great deal,
 and he thinks he can do everything. As a
 matter of fact, he is so smart that he is the tool
 of the first scamp that comes along. He would
 invent to-morrow, in perfect good faith, a
 three-legged stool. He would let speculators
 organize a stock-company to float that three-
 legged stool. Then, when he found that three-
 legged stools were in common use before he
 was born, he would cheerfully go to work to
 invent something else, honestly unconscious of
 having done any mischief. That is just his
 position to-day. He has fussed and fumed
 over his electric light until he has made for
 himself every variety of failure that other men
 had made before him. Meanwhile his Wall
 St. friends have put stock on the market, sold
 it at a high figure, and are now stowing away
 the difference between said figure and the
 present, which is somewhere along in the lati-
 tude of the Keely motor quotations.

We acquit him of any complicity in all this.
 Mr. T. A. Edison probably hasn't a very deli-
 cate sense of commercial etiquette; but he is
 neither incompetent nor dishonest. In the
 days when he did work, see what he accom-
 plished. He invented the duplex—or quadru-
 plex, or whatever it was—system of telegraphing;
 he invented the phonograph, which is anything
 but the toy people think it; he invented the
 electric-pen, and the electro-motograph, which
 was wonderful; and he got \$100,000 for it from

the Western Union Company, which was more
 wonderful. Those were his working days.
These are his show-off days, and all we hear
 from him is that he *didn't* invent the patent
 medicine which is sold under his name. Of
 course we know that he has earned the right to
 idle; and that his little posing at Menlo Park
 is only the outcome of a childish vanity. But
 if all this nonsense is being turned to bad ac-
 count by dishonest people, it is Mr. Edison's
 business to protect the public from any wrong
 done them under cover of his reputation. And
 we fear there will some day be an exposure
 and an explosion that will make Mr. Edison
 feel particularly miserable. Let him see to it
 that such misery is not deepened by remorse.

For Messrs. Lorillard & Co., a firm that runs
 race-horses and keeps a tobacco-peddler's supply
 shop in Jersey City, have been stricken with re-
 morse. They used to subject their unfortunate
 work-people to all sorts of indignities, by sub-
 jecting them to a strict daily search before
 leaving the shop; and, to make matters worse,
 insisted upon their signing a degrading con-
 tract, wherein the wretched employees were
 made to say that they rather enjoyed the fun
 than otherwise. A profound legal luminary, a
 Mr. William Brinkerhoff, has, it appears, with
 wonderful acumen and astuteness, so toned
 down the compulsory agreement that it is now
 quite respectable. The workmen now, it seems
 have simply to open their coats, and the work-
 women to throw back their shawls or cloaks.
 Of course there is nothing in the least degrad-
 ing about this performance, according to this
 Mr. William Brinkerhoff and his Mexican-
 equine-tobacco clients; but to us the new ar-
 rangement appears to be a distinction without
 a difference. It is six of one and half-a-dozen
 of the other. Besides, how will these nice
 Messrs. Lorillard save themselves from robbery
 in the summer, when shawls, coats and cloaks
 will be unnecessary? Will their inspector take
 off a workman's shirt and a workgirl's bodice to
 search for tobacco?

We don't know, however, that the gentle-
 manly and liberal proceedings of Messrs. Lor-
 rilard are altogether equal to the style of treat-
 ment that the Church of England bestows on
 its old ministers. Only the other day the Rev.
 R. Matson, formerly curate of Spanby, near
 Sleaford, and late curate of Membury, Devon,
 applied to the Axminster Board of Guardians
 to enter the workhouse as a pauper. He was
 admitted. And this in a Christian country,
 where sleek, bloated, useless bishops are fatten-
 ing on incomes of thousands and thousands of
 dollars a year, and sit in a House of "Lords," and
 labor under the delusion that they are legislating
 for the people's benefit. We commend this
 and innumerable other abuses of the same
 character to the attention of Messrs. Gladstone,
 Bright and Chamberlain, and the Liberal party
 generally.

Not that we are wholly without abuses in
 this country; but we rectify them much more
 quickly than our slow British cousins, who cling
 to an old-fashioned, iniquitous custom with the
 tenacity of a barnacle to a ship's keel. Look
 at Mr. Wm. H. Kemble, for instance, ex-mem-
 ber of the Pennsylvania legislature and briber,
 who has only just escaped proper punishment for
 his crimes. It seems rather a sweeping and
 slurring remark to make, but we cannot help
 thinking that if all the members and ex-mem-
 bers of legislatures who bribed or accepted
 bribes were sent to jail, a great number of our
 Assembly and Senate Chambers would be like
 banquet halls deserted—save by the presence
 of the ubiquitous and moral Puck.

CAT-SHOOTING.

THE OPENING MATCH OF THE SEASON.*

A BRILLIANT SCORE.

WON BY ONE.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

THE initial cat-shooting match of the season came off last evening, at the spacious grounds of the Nocturnal Sloggers' Club, in the centre of the block bounded by 57th and 58th Streets and 1st and 2nd Avenues.

This match, which has been the only topic of conversation in the neighborhood for several weeks past, was arranged in response to a challenge addressed by Mr. C. Winger, the crack shot of Avenue B, to Mr. B. Tallshot, the champion of 57th St. All the preliminaries had been concluded a long time before; and it is estimated that an unusually large amount of money changed hands on the event.

The match was announced to take place at sharp midnight; but by ten o'clock in the evening every window in the vicinity was crowded with the faces of eager spectators, the majority of them being themselves devotees of the noble sport.

Promptly at 11:50, Mr. Winger, who is familiarly known in Avenue B as Choke-bore Charley, appeared upon the scene; and five minutes later his rival, whose appellation, among his friends, is Billy the Blowgun, came to time and announced himself ready for the fray.

Both men had been for months in practice, and were evidently prepared to do excellent work. Mr. Choke-bore Charley shot with a Colt's revolver, old-style, brass-mounted, carrying a 41 ball, with the name of the original owner engraved on a brass plate on the top. Mr. Billy the Blowgun used a smooth-bore navy revolver, with a 3-pound trigger and two ounces of bird-shot.

At precisely 12 midnight the word was given, and the carnage began. Choke-bore Charley got in first blood on a large yellow Tom who rose off a fence to the right; and the Blowgun instantly turned the applause of the multitude to his own account by bringing down, with a splendid snap shot a large Maltese. Choke-bore Charley's next cat fell out of bounds; and Billy the Blowgun missed a fast half-quartering Tabby to the left. Choke-bore Charley then got in one on a driver, and the Blowgun lessened his score by missing a brindle twister, which got away unhurt.

Both men had by this time warmed up to their work, and misses were infrequent. Choke-bore Charley shot up to his thirty-fourth cat without losing one. The Blowgun lost three black-and-white and a kitten out of bounds; but did some fine shooting on a series of gray cats and a white twister with a black tail.

Choke-bore Charley was now ahead; but so steadily did the Blowgun shoot that by the time the forty-fourth cat was reached, he was one kill to the good.

His opponent's luck, however, seemed only to incite Choke-bore Charley to renewed effort, and, beginning on three incomers and a climber, he made a score which is unsurpassed in all the variegated annals of cat-shooting, holding a lead of one cat right up to the fiftieth feline, which fell dead close by the fence at 1:39:15 p.m.

* If any reader looks upon this report with any eye of doubt; or fails to see the beauty, healthfulness and nobility of the sport herein described, let him examine the description of the "Pigeon-Shooting" match, at Parkville, L. I., described in the *N. Y. World* of April 23rd, 1880, page 2, 5th column; and judge for himself whether the one pastime is not, at least, quite as commendable as the other.

Altogether, this was one of the best matches ever shot. The Blowgun, although he lost the match by a few errors in judgment, shot with great steadiness; and his execution was simply wonderful. His luck was against him, as there was a strong west wind blowing; and several of his cats fell dead or carrying a good load of shot just outside the fence.

There was some apprehension of interference from Mr. Bergh's men; but we are glad to say that these humanitarian tyrants refrained from interposing any obstructions to the enjoyment of a truly noble, healthful and elevating pastime, patronized by many elegant shots and high-toned gentlemen.

A series of matches is announced to come off at the same place; dates and conditions to be announced very shortly; and there appears to be every promise of fine sport during the coming summer.

The following are the details of the shooting:

Nocturnal Sloggers' Club Grounds, N. Y., May 1st, 1880.—Match \$2.50 a side; shot for at 50 cats each from a single fence, 2 ft rise, 1 lot boundary; old go-as-you-please rules.

CHOKE-BORE CHARLEY.—10*III, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII. Total 50; killed 43, missed 8.

BILLY THE BLOWGUN.—100II, IIIII, 10*0*10*, 0*IIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII. Total 50; killed 41; missed 9.

* Fell dead out of bounds.

JUDGE FOR CHOKE-BORE CHARLEY.—Mr. Gallowguff.

JUDGE FOR BILLY THE BLOWGUN.—Mr. Guffy.

REFEREE.—Professor Killhard.

THE NEW BRITISH CABINET.

PREMIER GLADSTONE has now chosen his Cabinet, and, on the whole, it is a promising one. It has, however, a little too much duke and lord about it to be altogether acceptable. It is true, in many instances, the gentlemen bear their titles through no fault of their own; but the presumption is that a man, because he is called a lord, will think he is a much better specimen of human being than an untitled personage who may be his superior in every respect. Consequently a so-called aristocrat is about the last person in the world to legislate for people who are not aristocrats.

We yet hope to see the day when no man with these silly titles will be considered eligible for office in a British Cabinet.

What a feeble fossil arrangement, for instance, is the British House of Lords, as at present constituted! It literally represents nothing except itself; while a lot of white-lawn-sleeved gentlemen, yclept Bishops, sit in the assemblage, drawing monstrously extravagant salaries, even \$75,000 a year, for doing literally less than nothing, by imagining they are keeping up the unholy union between Church and State.

The House of Lords ought to be summarily abolished, and a real reviewing or Upper Chamber constituted, comprising the best matured intellect of the country, without reference to a member's ancestor having been in some political ring, which, if it had existed in the present day, would have probably put the enterprising ancestor in the county jail.

The names of Bright, Chamberlain and Foster are a guarantee that Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet will sweep away some of the numerous existing abuses. The trouble will be to know just where to begin. The cutting down of Mrs. Victoria's salary and the allowances to a parcel of lazy, ignorant princes and princelets would be a move in the right direction. Then must come the disestablishment of the English Church; the existence of which is one of the funniest things in the country.

Puckings.

"A CHIEF AMONG YE, TAKING NOTES"—The Pickpocket.

THE NEVER-SATISFIED RUSSIANS would now like to see the Chinese Japanned.

POLITICALLY SPEAKING—It is the Longest Poll that Knocks the Election Persimmon.

GLADSTONE TO VICEROY LYTTON:—

"The scion of an hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired."

REWARD OF MERIT—The "next" pupil who spelled chimney correctly, was told by his teacher to go up one—but didn't want to.

SAID AND DONE—Mrs. Newton Sears calls her new novel "Folly." *A propos* of which the critics seem determined to "Shoot Folly as it flies."

HIC JACET—The newest song out is entitled "He Sleeps Where He Fell," and probably refers to the belated inebriate who missed his footing and rolled down the basement stairway.

DELPHIC UTTERANCE—Our E. C. the *Tribune* says, "Gen. Garfield's personalities speak healthily of rural life"—which may be the polite thing for telling Garfield to go to grass.

QUESTION OF MORALS—The *Tribune* has figured it out and finds just 1000 morals in the De Young-Kalloch shooting affray. We didn't suppose there were so many morals in all San Francisco.

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE—If Miss Blaine possesses a title of the stalwartism attributed to her Senatorial father, she will not probably propose a vote of thanks for the ungallant Washington correspondent who describes her as "not pretty."

OUR FATAL compositor has been at it again. Because Miss Sarah Bernhardt has been conducting herself in a manner essentially feminine, he made, in our issue of last week, the Théâtre Français of that charming gender. We shall have either to assassinate that compositor, which we don't want to do, or to cut the furrin tongues.

THE NUMBER of prominent gentlemen, in intimate friendly relations with Mr. Tilden, who have of late unbosomed themselves to our E. C. the *Sun*, leads us to believe that the Sage of Gramercy Park has little else to do save to hunt up aristocrats of Jeffersonian principles and unbosom himself to them concerning his political hopes and aspirations.

CHEERFUL INTELLIGENCE—Johnbegoughs says he told 6000 people in Exeter Hall, London, of Mrs. Hayes's great moral courage in refusing to offer wine to her guests at the White House, and they gave three cheers. All of which is exceedingly cheerful, indeed, and reflects great credit upon the penurious proclivities of our English cousins who were never known to treat anybody after the fashion spiritual—except themselves.

NEW 15 PUZZLE.

WHO HAS BEEN OUTRAGED AT WEST POINT?

General Order No. 14 + 1 Walking-order for General Schofield would = 15.

TO THEEBAW.

A MANDELAYAN ROUNDELAY.

THE summer is coming again, Theebaw,
And you are the frailest of men, Theebaw,
If soda's too rapid,
Or lemonade's vapid,
Of maidens just massacre ten, Theebaw.

If strawberries cause you to quake, Theebaw,
If ice-creams so frigid you shake, Theebaw,
Send the rope that oft stretches
The necks of the wretches,
Hang fifty, and make no mistake, Theebaw.

If griping with melon you ail, Theebaw,
If gorging green apples you wail, Theebaw,
Why, relief you'll secure
Disemboweling sure
Two hundred nice infants, all male, Theebaw.

Should ice famine threaten your life, Theebaw,
Mosquitoes occasion you strife, Theebaw,
It will soften your pain,
It will calm your poor brain,
To slay every other man's wife, Theebaw.

DE WITT G. RAY.

MUGGINS ON DECK AGAIN.

ANOTHER GIGANTIC SCHEME OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

HOW MILLIONS OF MONEY CAN BE SAVED BY A LITTLE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WHY NOT? WHY NOT?

I HAVE a proposition to make to the people of the United States, or, more particularly, to the voters and political scene-shifters and ring-masters; and I desire to submit it through the columns of Puck, as the only candid, patriotic, unbiassed, inflexible, incorruptible, impartial, independent, truthful, honest, scientific, literary, dignified, and eminently scholarly journal in the United States, whose high and unwavering status, as a contemporaneous representative and exponent of the exact sciences, can only give weight, dignity and classic consideration, in the eyes of the nation, to the vastly important suggestion I am about to make.

Wait a moment, till I get my breath, and then I will go on.

There! All right! Now listen!

This is a proposition that I make in the interest of economy.

Especially of political economy.

It is a well known fact that the expense of a political campaign, as we are accustomed to carry it on, is enormous. I haven't the exact figures with me, being for the moment out here in the carbonic interior of Pennsylvania; but I think that I am quite within the magic circle of truth when I say that Dr. Tilden expended something like \$37,947,829.12 1/2.

And then he lost the election.

Or at least the presidency, which is the same thing.

Now, I suppose to save all this hard-earned money to the political schemers and industrious candidates by suggesting that both conventions nominate the same man.

Why has not this simple expedient for saving money, strife, blood-shed, argument, turmoil, and confusion been thought of before? Why not?

It is as plain as the noon-day sun in the morning that only one candidate can be elected—at least only one at a time.

The other loses his money, his valuable time, his patience, his temper, and his grip.

Just look for a moment at the present condition of things. Conkling and Cornell are delegates at large; and when men like these are at large, you may be morally certain all the small sheep, within gobbling distance, will be ruthlessly gobbled up.

And then, of course, Grant will be nominated.

And, as he has lately reformed, and now smokes only thirty-eight cigars a day, as against the forty he used to smoke when money was more plenty, and is thus "tapering off" towards a condition of absolute totality, there is no doubt about his election.

Now, let us suppose that Tilden should be nominated by the Democrats, he can't by any possibility be elected, for the simple reason that only one President can be elected to serve at one and the same time.

The same argument holds good as regards any other candidate.

It is a sheer loss of money to oppose Grant, because he is the "man of destiny."

The Democrats might go a step further, or, rather, a step less, and not nominate any one. That would save all the expenses of the convention. More economy.

I tell you economy is a big thing, when looked at in its true light. There is many a man who lived on economy all his life. It isn't quite equal to porter-house steak and things; but still it's a living, and shows what economy can do when you are starved right down to it.

The same principle is applicable to politics. What the daily economy of bread and butter is to the hard-handed son of a gun—I mean, son of toil political economy is to the politician. It is the *sine qua non* of his existence. *Hinc ille lacryme.*

I think it was Madame de Staël who said of Napoleon III.: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—that is, "every man for himself, and the de'il take the hindmost!"

Alas, alas! how true it is that it is utterly useless to cast pearls (of wisdom) before (political) swine.

The astute politicians will probably smile as they read these words of sage advice; but so intent are they on their own petty schemes, even though they involve self-immolation, that they will scarcely give them further thought.

Oh, the assininity of stupidity!

But never mind.

Yours cheerfully,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

A SAD ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is with the sincerest sentiments of heartfelt sorrow (for we respect the Liberals of England, and sympathize most deeply in their sudden and unexpected affliction) that, at a moment when all else seemed propitious, and Hope told a flattering tale of other and better things to come, we are called upon to record an incomparable disaster which has just overtaken a great, glorious and victorious party. It is a fact, unhappily established beyond the shadow of an existing doubt, that our Alleged Humorous and Truly Funereal Contemporary,

THE LONDON PUNCH,

Has Gone Over to the New Government.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXIV.

HE ACKNOWLEDGES MR. DUSENBURY'S EPIGRAM.



Ya-as, 'pon my soul, some of these American literary fellows are not half bad, by Jove.

One of them wote some poetwy the othah day about my marwiage, and Jack Carnegie tells me that the aw composition has

been pwinted in a pwominent papah, aw.

The Honorwable Mrs. Fitznoodle is also wathah gwatified at this wintah's twibute to our pwesent happiness.

I think we shall have to invite this fellow to dinnah.

His name is Victah Hugo Dusenbury, and Jack and my wife say that the pwe-liminarwy thing to do in the way of acknowledgement is to answer in poetwy, which I accordingly do:

The Poet who wote anent my wedding-day
And pwaised my bwide, I this to him must say:
He has my thanks for his considerwate lines,
Wherewin he such aw pwetty sentiments combines:

My wife aw to a Dove aw he compares;
Myself an Eagle aw to call he dares.

A Sunflower, too, he aw me styles,
Who's won the Violet by his loving wiles;
And then a Thundercloud am I, aw thrwilled
with shafts of love,

And aw taken captive to the wealms above.
He speaks, also, of youngstahs yet unborn
That in the fuchah may my wace adorn,
And pictchahs the cweachah on my happy knees,
Babbling a aw language he calls Fitznoodle-ese.
With such nice things we're ovahcome completely.

And I'm verwy sorwy I can't weply as sweetly.
Poetwy I have nevah witten in my life,
Nor can I now—although I have a wife
Who, when in her teens, or about that time,
Invoked her aw Muse and wote some wetched
whyme.

But gweatah sense has she now acquired,
For of such versifying she soon got tired;
So she tells me as she looks o'ah my shouldah,
Which fires my heart, but makes my poetwy
coldah,

And—pwobably nobody will doubt it—
I almost wish I'd nevah set about it.

I'm afwaid in fuchah I must dwop the muse,
And stick to pwose aw to expwess my views.
So, Mr. Dusenbury, I will say adieu,
Weiterwating aw my thanks to you;
And should you evah bwave the Atlantic's foam,
You'll aw find a welcome in my ancestwail
home.

E'en as the bards who lived in times of yaw,
I'll bid the Muse "tata" at pwesent aw.

FRANCIS ALGERNON REGINALD CHARLES
EUSTACE CHOLMONDELEY LANCELOT
MAJORIBANKS FITZNOODLE, of Aworth
Castle, Warwickshire.

Spring Fever; and Its Effects On Its Victims.



"House on fire? Well, I can't move to save myself."



"Reach for it? Well, no matter!"



"If I could only yell at her!"



"Can't undress and then dress again."



Business before pleasure. "Yes, that's so."



"Let him come; it's too hard work to run."

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET - ACT II.

AND how did Romeo know the exact locality of the aromatic Juliet in that dark garden? He had to "center out."—[Sc. 1.

MERCUTIO was a publican, as the public can readily work out. He acts so looney and talks saloony. He frequently refers to spirits, and, indeed, pointedly mentions, "my inn vocation."—[Sc. 1.

He waits for Jule yet.—[Sc. 2.

"WHAT light in yonder window breaks?" Had he not been mashed on Juliet he would have known—it was the one her head came through.—[Sc. 2.

"SHE speaks, yet she says nothing." Did this alone commend the gushing maid, Juliets were as plenty as blackberries.—[Sc. 2.

EVEN had Romeo been the glove he prayed to be, it—or he—would never have reached that cheek (an article that he seems not to have been personally deficient in) till she had counted up the buttons on it.—[Sc. 2.

DID she mistake her lover for Courtney, or some person accustomed to han'lan' the oars, when pleading: "Row me, O, row me."—[Sc. 2.

SHE says: "Be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Cap, U bet!" This sweet line, with all its poetry of expression, has been hidden from the world under the thin typographical blunder of an "l" instead of a "b" in its final syllable.—[Sc. 2.

"DENY thy father and be some mother name," in one of the young lady's family requests.—[Sc. 2.

CHIDING Romeo for not mounting the balcony, and, comparing the present with previous love interviews had by herself and friends, she hints, "that which we call, arose."—[Sc. 2.

ACCOMMODATING Romeo intends looking to Juliet for board and lodging, and supplements this design with the wish that her kinsmen shall "find" me here. [Sc. 2.

THE unsophisticated girl seems to know that a "made blush" is to bepaint one's cheek.—[Sc. 2.

SHE orders Romeo to go and swear by himself, and then requests him to "wilt"—which he doesn't, but demands satisfaction.—[Sc. 2.
JOHN ALBRO.

PPP

LIVES there a man with a nose grown red,
Who never to himself has said—
"This is the time to take a horn!"
Whose heart within him has not yearned,
When 'round the tavern's corner turned,
To try once more that liquid corn?
If such there be, go mark him down
As the most flagrant fraud in town!
Who hides his jug, deceives his friends,
And drinks alone for selfish ends.
Yet, when the secret fount is dry,
Will skirmish rum-mills on the sly,
And, doubly drinking, will go down
To the vile haunts—already sprung—
Unseen, unfollowed, and unhung.

DIVERSCITIES OF AFFECTION.

CRUEL girl, Toledo lad
In woman's fealty to believe,
And one like me, so Fonda you,
So basely to deceive.

"This Hartford days and nights has loved,
And, while its love reWheeling,
It never dreamed that it should find
You so devoid of feeling.

"O tell me, is your love for me
Albany-shed from your breas'?
Has all the Rome-ance of our love
In oblivion gone to rest?

"If so, I'll sail LaCrosse the sea
And try thy image to forget;
And when they see Medina broad,
'Twill be without regret."

"Begone, you fool! While Lima girl
Who would not marry but a blonde,
To chestnut eyes Sandusky hair
My heart will ne'er respond.

"I watched Eufala me around,
And New York case would hopeless prove,
And Syracuse me if you will,
I never gave you hope to love.

"How could Jamaica girl confess
With love for you her heart ne'er throbbled?"
"Oh, I'm a fool London!" he said,
Fell on the Florence sobbed.

He rose with agitation,
And a grim determination
Illumed his face as he arose:
"Cincinnati-tude repelling,
'Gainst my love you've been rebelling—
Farewell," he says, and off he Cohoes. H. R.

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."—A HEN TIME LAY.

AFTER SHELLEY OR OVID—(but it doesn't matter).

(Marginal Hints and Suggestions to PUCK's Composer.)

'Tis not very many years ago, in a not very distant clime, that a printer lived whom you may know by the name of Jonathan Prime; and this printer lived with no other thought but to butcher my rhythm and rhyme. He died suddenly, and his case is thus gracefully alluded to as affording a type o' the fate that awaits those of his profession who, in relations with myself, do not mind their p's and q's.

Do not italicise "strain" or "fowl" or "lay man," as these are points to which it is not advisable to call undue attention. Capitalize "Goose," and, by the way, as all the jokes here are capital ones, it will be well for you to use that style of initial throughout. Not that I want the column all capitals: that, as any architect will inform you, would be absurd.

This stanza calls for no special care on your part; you are only asked to see that the devil (the printer's devil of course, and not his Satanic majesty) doesn't add a fifth line, such as: "And she'd be right too," or words to that effect. Such an addition would be manifestly improper.

If the compositor, prompted by his demoniac instincts, thinks he can improve this by making it read "Little Ark" all I can say is, that he don't Noahs business, and have better be very, very careful.

This stanza is considered exceptionally fine, and any mutilation of its delicate beauty will be visited by condign punishment on the head of the guilty wretch. So beware! The eye of the Avenger is on you! and it, by the way, is a capital "I".

The humiliating confession contained in this verse, and which anything but the imperative logic of fact would wring from the writer, will act as balm on the wounded soul of the fiend, who, by these marginal notes, finds his privileges curtailed.

My dear boy, if you Aviary—that is to say have a airy fancy, you will like the change of position here, and will also excuse the grammatical lapse in this note.

If the compositor be a wicked or an Ottoman, he will appreciate this and so treat it with the most tender care.

Never mind trying to discover what this means. It is none of your business if PUCK's readers can't make "big gory hole" out of it. This is not your funeral, and you are not even called upon to be a mourner.

This species of metallic joke PUCK values very highly and pays for liberally in greenbacks in fact, invisible-green backs. Any change therefrom will cost you in the neighborhood, or around the immediate vicinity, of a week's wages.

The joke here rules the roost and is, I think I may say without vanity, something to crow about. Punctuate it carefully.

The cost of providing a plain casket and hearse is a question of little moment to the writer, and if the compositor, therefore, dares to set up this heading "Lay hen voi," the whole Army of Salvation will not be able to save him from being murdered.

(Accompanying a Nest of Candy Eggs.)

A modest gift, yet à propos,
Is this, my lady May;
I lay it at your feet, and so
It is a lowly lay.

But do not, therefore, on the strain
Pour words of foul abuse,
Nor say: "From this 'tis very plain
The lay man is a Goose."

The lay with love's wild strength might flow
As flows the ocean wave in;
But then most certainly, I know,
You'd say I was a Raven.

And so I choose this humble style,
For, here I would remark,
I do not like reproving, while
I love a little Lark.

Yet do I blanch not 'neath your frown,
My cheek it cannot pale;
You may make game of me, I own,
But cannot make me Quail.

For all youth's sanguine hopes have fled
With other things, I trow,
That long have slumbered with the dead,
And I'm no Chicken now.

And so I bear in braver mood
All disappointment's pain,
And not love's fever in the blood
Canary feel again.

But Fancy wraps me in her arms
And, when in dreams, I see
The glories of an hour's charms,
A Turkey think I'll be.

Thus, by imagination fed,
I soothe my starving soul,
Instead of putting in my head
A great big Oriole.

And freed from gripings of despair
I cease to sigh and howl:
Albeit you're a sovereign fair,
I'm not a Guinea fowl.

And so I bid to love good-bye;
Its pleasure and its pain;
Let others sigh and moan and cry,
I Chanticleer refrain.

L'ENVOI.

Then take this lay, my lady May,
To whom all charms belong,
You'll find sung in a frolic way
A little Linnet's song.

DAVID RORTY.

A SHINGLEWORTHY SAINT.

IT APPEARS from popular report that a mature youth, *à la* 10 years, of Greenville, N. J., has set up as an Evangelist in a chicken-house. The place is certainly appropriate, and he may, if unsuppressed, be promoted to a goose-pen, and emulate Master Thomas H. Harrison (styled "Reverend" on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, presumably). This callow and irreverent young person, under the ægis and auspices of the full-fledged Talmage, makes proclamation to the virtual effect that he will raise blank in Brooklyn. He would appear to be adopting the gymnastic wing-spreading tactics of his gander-backer, adding thereto an irrelevant incoherency of speech which tends to induce a seemingly acceleration of mirth in a so-called

place of worship. The infant precocity of the chicken-coop and the budding buffoonery of the goose-pen should be visited respectively with sustained spanking and indefinite incarceration.

PAYS FOR PAYS.

Frenchman Jehan Soudan, a journalistic disciple of *Le Voltaire*, has actually been and gone and done a book with the somewhat peculiar title of "*le Voyage au Pays du Dollar*." Now let some slashing American go and make "*le Voyage au Pays des Centimes*," which will square accounts. Meanwhile we trust the United States of America and the Republic of France will not go to war because of it.

BIBULOUS APOSTROPHES.

O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning cocktail's proven true,
Smile sweetly on me—for I drink to you.

O sun that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon that layest all to sleep again,
How do you take it—mixed or somewhat plain?

O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Drink, do, drops—here's a bumper just in fun.

O birds that warble in the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Warble—but take a drink, else you'll be dry.

THE CHAMPION OF THE CUSPIDOR.



SENATOR KIRKWOOD [log.]

Oh, git along with you! We do not care,
We plain Americans, how old you are,
How chaste in ornament, or in form how fair.
Why should we hold you richer or more rare
Than is the cuspidor at the tavern bar?
If you come here, it's on the same pecune-
lary basis as the plain spittoon.

SENATOR KIRKWOOD.

Oh! how do I know who all them fellers be?
What's all that Dictionary you're a givin' me?

BRIC-A-BRAC.

But if Greek art live in my every line,
That furnished forth Aspasia's splendid
halls—
If Horace drank from me Falernian wine—
If *bleu ciel, rose du Barry* design,
The luxury of Louis Quinze recall—

Answers for the Anxious.

HASSETINE.—She did move.

NOTIST AND QUERIST.—“Who was Chesterfield, and to whom did he write his ‘Letters?’” Chesterfield was an Englishman; hence we suppose he wrote to the *London Times*, like all other Britons. Ask us a more complicated one.

J. S. G., Wyoming.—Now, dear boy, why ask us to criticise your work? Lay it aside awhile, and then judge for yourself. You and the work will profit by that little plan; and you will have less misanthropic heartburning and editor-phobia in your system.

J. A., Syracuse.—Behold your line [We will not show you off in this cruel way. You shall be the honored recipient of a postal communication just as soon as we can kill off the casual poets and humorists of the current week, and get a little time to ourselves.]

JAGOBERT DE LUCE.—We feel a calm and complete assurance that your communication was a perfect gem, and that we should have been delighted to print it in letters of gold. But we haven't received it; and it has probably never occurred to you that there is a bare possibility that it was lost in the mail. Perhaps—this will enrage you; still, it's within the bounds of possibility—perhaps you did n't stamp it.

P. B. S., Canada.—You complain of the extremely slight demand for wit and humor in Canada; but it seems to us that you are rather bearing the market yourself, by putting out the over-watered stock which you seem to affect. We cannot instruct a subordinate to mail you 3 copies of the number containing your paragraphs; because even the sweet way in which you overflowed about our beauty and excellence didn't keep them out of the hands of the man who collects raw material for paper collars.

JOHN W. MAPES.—We must give our readers the benefit of your epistle, too.

UTICA, April 28, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

There are two points in your erudite answer to K. A. R. not generally understood by the unsentimental. Please explain where the thunder is hung up to dry, and why it is hung up? Is it anything like a barkeeper in the latter respect? Please answer these questions fully (not in an intoxicated condition) and relieve the minds of a large number of your admirers in this part of the world.

Respectfully yours, JOHN W. MAPES.

The thunder is hung up on the inferior horn of the moon. The horn is hung up on the Ursa Major—otherwise known as the Great Bear. That's all.

MULREADY.—Now, then, won't you please glue yourself to something heavy? You are too light altogether. If you don't ballast your specific gravity, it will fly away with you. Who is assailing your unfortunate country, anyway? Do you suppose we want to have the land of your nativity wiped out of the geography? What good would that do us or anybody else? All we want is that your countrymen should behave themselves like sensible men, and not like moon-struck gorillas. Quit howling about wrongs, and try to build up a basis of character on which it will be safe to allow you a few rights. Instead of wasting your time and energy and intellect in writing ferocious letters to the newspapers, suppose you start a boom for a respectable politician, or make two ears of corn grow where one grew before, or do anything to show that you are useful or of value to the world. Then you'll find that you and the rest of mankind will get along better together.

MR. MARWOOD, the London hangman, thinks that the British system of putting people to death is superior to ours. He is right. We could find a much neater style of taking human lives than letting brick walls fall on them—but scarcely any way more expeditious in its effect.

THE THEATRES.

“A Child of the State” has evidently set in for a long run at WALLACK'S. It unmistakably deserves it, for the piece is smoothly acted, the costumes are picturesque, and the interest in the story are kept up throughout.

Conjuring by “the Great and Only Hermann” succeeds the laughable “Widow Bedott” at HAVERLY'S THEATRE. Mr. Hermann will appear in conjunction with the Onofre Brothers, who are pantomimic artists.

Mr. Burbank's Polytechnic made its appearance on Monday night at CHICKERING HALL. The Polytechnic did not exactly make its appearance; but several accomplished people did, including Mr. Burbank, who mimicked and recited in his usual inimitable style.

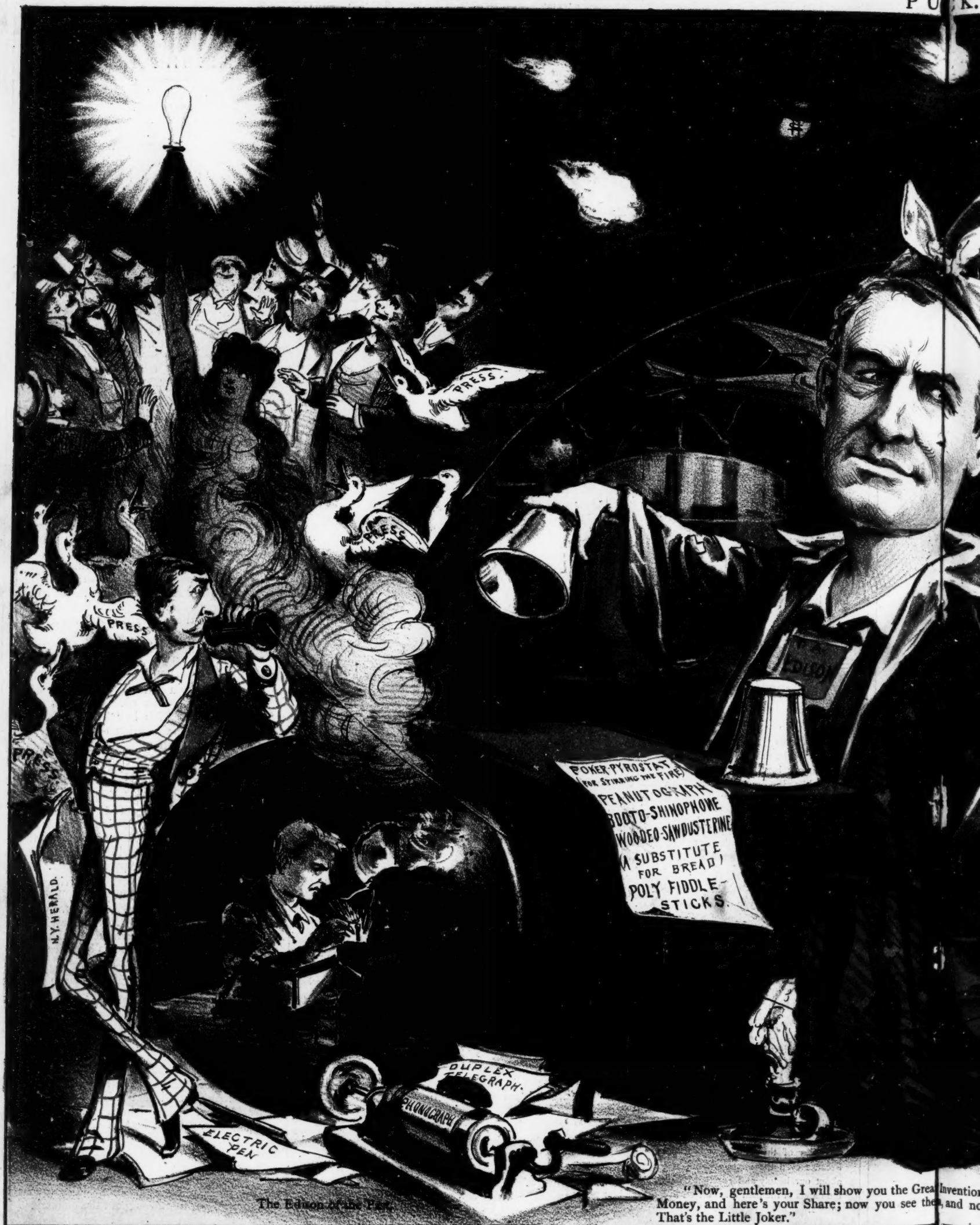
Paola-Marié, Angèle and Capoul are with us once more. They hold out at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Monday night was devoted to “Mignon,” last night to “le Pré Aux Clercs;” while this evening “Giroflé-Girofla” is promised, and “le Postillon de Lonjumeau” to-morrow.

The performance of “Ages Ago” and “Charity Begins at Home,” at Messrs. Ford and McCaull's jewel-box of an opera house, is at once graceful, genial and refined. It seems as if this species of entertainment would become popular here, and is a good sign of our increasing love of culture.

The Salisbury Troubadours are at DALY'S THEATRE, for a brief supplementary season, in their excellent specialty entitled “The Brook.” “Hobbies,” by the Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques, has once more found a temporary resting-place in New York; this time at the STANDARD. People suffering from dyspepsia should not go to see it, as laughing might make them feel uncomfortable. Mr. Goodwin has improved, and the whole entertainment is an enjoyable one.

At BOOTH'S the beauteous Adelaide Neilson played “As You Like It” last night as we like it very much, especially *Rosalind*. On Monday she showed us how a *Juliet* ought to spoon with *Romeo*. Then she has given us *Imogen* in “Cymbeline,” and *Viola* in “Twelfth Night,” all parts, with the exception of *Juliet*, which give Miss Neilson an opportunity of showing how very pretty and lady-like she is as a boy in short clothes. Her support is not remarkable for talent. Although Mr. Compton's ideas on the subject of acting we should judge to be sound, theatrical stars like to have an orbit of their own, and, as a rule, decline to allow any inferior asteroids to get in their way. If this law of histrionic nature could be altered there might be more satisfactory performances.

“A Gentleman from Nevada,” written by Mr. George H. Jessop for Mr. J. B. Polk, is an undoubted success at the FIFTH AVENUE; where it was received, on Tuesday night of last week, with roars of laughter and much enthusiasm. The merriment that it evokes is by its exaggeration, incongruity and absurdity—certainly not by its plot, its character drawing, or its crude construction. *Christopher Columbus Gall* is a joke—a huge joke—and never could have existed under the circumstances in which the play finds him. But it is fun with some very serious business thrown in, and quite as amusing and as natural in its utterly illogical way as *Colonel Sellers* or *Bardwell Slote*—or as Mr. Shakspeare's play of “As You Like It,” for that matter. It may be said that it is not art. What then? Put art against dollars, and dollars will, unfortunately, get the best of it nearly every time. Mr. Jessop, we presume, wrote “A Gentleman from Nevada” for Mr. Polk for a very distinct and obvious purpose; and that purpose, we have little doubt, will be gained by the popularity of the piece among “the groundlings” though it be, throughout the country.



THE DECADENCE OF THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK



the Great Invention Trick. Here's your
see them, and now you don't see 'em!

The Edison of the Present.

D PARK.—FROM THE PHONOGRAPH TO POLYFORM.

MORE GENERAL ORDERS.

CAREFULLY MODELED ON THE NEW WEST-POINT STYLE.

PUCK has collected, with infinite pains and perseverance, several specimens of general orders constructed in humble imitation of the now famous edict of West Point. These are merely humble efforts of General Schofield's admirers, still, they may be of interest to the public. The original General Order No. 14, it will be remembered, was issued to calm the minds of the poor cadets, whom the public so cruelly suspected of slitting the ears of a young negro who, as they explained, they only "ostracised." They couldn't have slit his ears, of course, because it was considered rather bad form to beat, bang, or otherwise "devil" a colored fellow-student. The text of the document ran as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WEST POINT,
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.
WEST POINT, N. Y., April 21, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.—The Major-General commanding desires to assure the Corps of Cadets of his unshaken faith in their honor and integrity, and of his appreciation of their manly bearing under the grievous wrong and injustice which they have recently suffered. The outrage committed on the 6th of April, even if committed by some of their number, was justly felt as no less an outrage upon the corps. Yet this has been followed by even greater insults and indignities, heaped upon all cadets indiscriminately, and, through them, upon as many respectable families and communities in all parts of the country.

These wrongs have come, in many cases, from sources whence justice and reasonable confidence were expected. While repelling these false accusations with just indignation, the cadets have endured them with becoming dignity and confidence that justice would be done to all.

As an expression of his appreciation of their character and conduct, the Commanding General is pleased to remove all restrictions heretofore imposed by his orders upon the usual privileges of cadets.

By command of Major-Gen. Schofield.

WILLIAM M. WHERRY,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The first example of general orders after the Schofield manner reads thus:

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 4th, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.—The *de facto* President desires to assure the members of the late Returning-Board of his unshaken faith in their honor and integrity, and of his appreciation of their manly bearing under the grievous wrong and injustice which they have recently suffered. The outrageous comments of the press and public, even if deserved, were justly felt as no less an outrage upon the board. Yet this has been followed by even greater insults and indignities, heaped upon all members indiscriminately, and, through them, upon as many respectable families and communities in all parts of the country.

These wrongs have come, in many cases, from sources whence justice and reasonable confidence were expected. While repelling these false accusations with just indignation, the members have endured them with becoming dignity and confidence that justice would be done to all.

As an expression of his appreciation of their character and conduct, the *de facto* President is pleased to remove all restrictions heretofore imposed upon the usual privileges of all members at present out of Consulates.

The second general order is of peculiar interest just at this moment.

HARRISBURG, PA.,
May 4th, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.—The Hon. D. Cameron desires to assure Messrs. Kemble, Petrus, Salter, and Company of his unshaken faith in their honor and integrity, and of his

IN CASE—



—OF ACCIDENT.

appreciation of their manly bearing under the grievous wrong and injustice which they have recently suffered. The outrage committed on the 26th of April was justly felt as no less an outrage upon them. Yet this has been followed by even greater insults and indignities, heaped upon them indiscriminately, and, through them, upon as many respectable families and communities in all parts of the country.

These wrongs have come, in many cases, from sources whence justice and reasonable confidence were expected. While repelling these false accusations with just indignation, they have endured them with becoming dignity and confidence that justice would be done to all.

As an expression of his appreciation of their character and conduct, the Hon. Don Cameron is pleased to remove all restrictions heretofore imposed by Judge Pearson's orders upon the usual privileges of politicians.

The third and last example reads:

NEW YORK,
May 4th, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.—The Commercial Manufacturing Company desire to assure Oilymargarine of their unshaken faith in its cleanliness and wholesomeness, and of their appreciation of its brave bearing under the grievous wrong and injustice which it have recently suffered. The wicked prejudice of the public is justly felt as no less an outrage upon the article. Yet this has been followed by even greater insults and indignities, heaped upon Oilymargarine indiscriminately, and, through it, upon many respectable boarding-house and hotel-keepers in all parts of the country.

These wrongs have come, in many cases, from sources whence justice and reasonable confidence were expected. While repelling these false accusations with just indignation, Oilymargarine has endured them with becoming dignity and confidence that justice would be done to it.

As an expression of their appreciation of its character and conduct, the Commercial Manufacturing Company is pleased to remove all restrictions heretofore imposed by legal orders upon the usual privileges of bogus Butter.

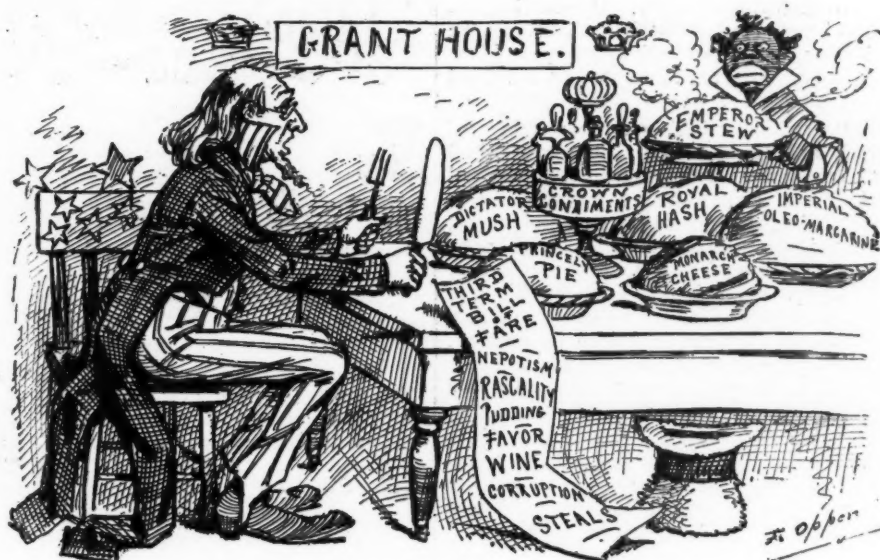
LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. H. O. Ward's "Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society" has reached a tenth edition—a pretty good evidence of its popularity among people who want to know how to comport themselves in what is called Society. It is not an original idea of ours, but we do not think, as a rule, that good manners can be taught from any book. They can only be acquired in early youth, or a person must have been born a gentleman or lady—nor need one belong to an old family to come into the world in this way. Still some people manage to assume a polish if they have it not, and Mrs. Ward's work is of considerable help in such a case. Poor Puck comes in for some castigation on account of certain allusions made in his columns, last summer, to the antecedents of certain New York families. We are sorry to have drawn on our devoted head the censure of Mrs. H. O. Ward, but we really cannot help it. No one need be ashamed of having inherited wealth by a reputable occupation or business, but when the fortunate inheritors make a vulgar splurge and seem never satisfied unless their doings are chronicled in the newspapers, and their names constantly before the public, when in reality nothing connected with their affairs is of the slightest interest, it is time to make fun of such people. In this country all the talk about family is simply ridiculous. Those who are called Knickerbockers and who give themselves no end of airs in consequence, sprang, in many instances, from "small potato" laborers, and not so very long ago, either. The origin of many families, with equally absurd pretensions, won't bear looking into. There is but one standard of gentility. It is a combination of qualities. It consists of cultivation, refinement and intellect—and if combined with wealth so much the better, for it enables the possessor to gratify his presumably artistic tastes. There is no other sort of "family," at any rate in this country, worth powder and shot. America hasn't been discovered long enough to produce any, with all due deference to Mrs. Ward.

THE *Hotel Gazette* comes to us in a new and enlarged form. It is a well-printed and well-conducted paper, and has a large circulation among Hotel proprietors, of whom, it appears, there are nine thousand in the country. Nine thousand hotels!—we wonder how many of them give their guests Oilymargarine for butter.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

SEVERELY REPUBLICAN.



UNCLE SAM:—"Waiter, Pork-and-Beans!"

AFTER TENNYSON—A LONG WAY.

BROKE, broke, broke!
 On thy old gray Sports, Wall Street;
 I would that my tongue could utter
 The wail of my Balance Sheet!

Oh, well for the rampant Bull
 That Corners the Wild-Cat at bay;
 Oh, well for the groveling Bear
 That Busteth the Stocks of to-day.

And the Margin sharp goes on
 To his mansion on Murray Hill;
 But oh, for the touch of a real Greenback—
 For the sound of a chink that is still.

Broke, broke, broke!—
 Or Busted—whatever it be;
 But the saving grace of a played-out Share
 Will never come back to me!

BEGUM.

OILYMARGARINE.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Regarding your position upon the Oilymargarine question, the following letter addressed by us on the 27th inst. to the president of the Butter Dealers' Society, may be of interest:

WASHINGTON WINSOR, ESQ., Chairman,

Dear Sir:—We have the honor to transmit herewith check to your order for one hundred dollars toward the expenses of securing legislation prohibiting the sale of Oilymargarine as Butter.

We have never sold this product other than upon its merits as Oilymargarine, and we believe that all dealers, both wholesale and retail, should do the same. Our influence has been and will continue to be exerted steadily to that end. We believe it to be a pure and wholesome food product, which is destined to assume a recognized place in commerce here, as it has abroad, forcing the makers of poor Butter to try and do something better, and thus increasing the consumption of Butter by improving the average quality of all that is produced; experience having shown that the consumption of Butter is almost unlimited if it is only good, and that the aggregate result will prove that Oilymargarine is a benefit instead of a detriment to dairy interests.

Whether this is a correct view or not, it must be admitted that it is as legitimate a commercial product as lard or tallow, and that nothing is to be gained by senseless denunciation and untruthful representations regarding its cleanliness, purity and wholesomeness. If sold upon its merits, the consumer, who is a party largely in interest, will settle this question, and we shall be glad to co-operate with you to that end. Very respectfully etc.

There are to most questions two sides, and

this has been concisely stated by the *Scientific American* as follows:

"Considerable misapprehension exists as yet in the public mind regarding the merits of this article as a food product, owing doubtless to its being comparatively new and to the misrepresentations which have been made regarding it. That there are two sides to this, as with most other questions, is evident; thus only the interests of dairymen have been heard of. Producers of butter urge that oleomargarine injures their profits by preventing high prices for butter. If this be so, it argues good to consumers, whose interests must also be considered.

"Another important benefit to consumers is that oleomargarine chiefly interferes with the sale of common grades of butter, to which it is far superior, and it is mainly dealers in this grade of butter who raise an outcry against the new product."

Submitting the above to the consideration of your readers, we remain,

Yours very respectfully,

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & Co.,
 Sales Agents for the Commercial Mfg. Co.

We insert the communication of Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber, who, as the sales-agents of the Commercial Manufacturing Co., must necessarily be largely interested in Oilymargarine. But their hundred dollars, the proposed special legislation and their influence will do very little in preventing frauds on the public, so long as Oilymargarine is a colorable imitation of Butter made from cows' milk, and there is nothing to distinguish the real article from the bogus one.

We have perfect confidence in the *bona fides* of Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber, perfect confidence in the business integrity of the Commercial Manufacturing Company; but we have not perfect confidence in a great many of their customers, and have still less faith in some of their customers' customers, who buy Oilymargarine or bogus Butter, and sell it or fob it off on their patrons as real Butter.

It is no argument to say that the one kind of fat is as good or better than the other. If we want to drink Bass's Ale, we do not expect to be told that the domestic article is far superior and that we ought to be satisfied with it. We have a prejudice in favor of ivory in preference to celluloid. We prefer real diamonds to "Parisian"—although, under some circumstances, both shine with equal brilliancy.

No, Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., your plea for Oilymargarine won't do, at present. It will be well enough when you induce the Oilymargarine manufacturers to color their product pink, red or green, that it may be sold for *what it is*, and that the lover of genuine Butter may not be defrauded. Until this is done, Oilymargarine will find a remorseless opponent in

PUCK.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

VI.

TULLIA.

FAIR was she as the roses
 That clustered round her home,
 Which stood upon a grassy hill
 Outside the walls of Rome.
 The Roman youth to woo her
 Came to her home in flocks,
 For she was very lovely, and
 Her father had the rocks.

But she was rather offish,
 As girls are apt to be
 Who think that crowds of lovers
 Will always bend the knee;
 And, though those youths were noted
 As mashers through the land,
 Not one of them was fresh enough
 To win that maiden's hand.

She liked a crowd of lovers,
 That dizzy, dizzy girl;
 She wanted one her dainty form
 In giddy waltz to whirl,
 And one to promenade with her
 And show her all the sights,
 And one for circus evenings,
 And one for Sunday nights.

And then it made the other girls
 So awful, awful mad
 To see the lovely Tullia
 Each day with a new lad.
 Your escort with your costume
 Should correspond, you know—
 A green youth never fits with blue—
 And when you wear a bonnet new
 You should have a fresh beau.

Although the human female
 The lesson will not learn,
 Yet Nature has provided
 That tides shall always turn,
 And, if you do not make your port
 When swept on by the flood,
 The ebbing tide may leave you
 Deep stuck within the mud.

And Marcus Flaccus Tullius,
 This lovely maiden's pa,
 Was smashed by speculations,
 As rich men often are;
 He lost his corner lots in Rome,
 As may well be supposed,
 For when came round the settling day
 His mortgages he could not pay,
 And so they were foreclosed.

Then in a lowly tenement,
 In a back street in Rome,
 The once enchanting Tullia
 Thereafter made her home;
 She caught the Roman fever,
 And lost her lovely hair,
 And all her teeth so pearly white,
 And her complexion fair.

No fond and eager lovers
 Did then that maid adore,
 She lived by sewing togas for
 A retail clothing store.
 And though, when she was rich and fair,
 With many hearts she'd played,
 She never got another chance,
 And died a poor old maid.

Now when the fate of Tullia
 The conscript fathers saw,
 That maids should each but have one beau
 They quickly made the law;
 But unto women's clamor
 They soon were forced to yield,
 And so that salutary law
 Was hurriedly repealed.

ARTHUR LOT.

Puck's Exchanges.

EVERY son of a gun in Barnum's Circus is said to be dead gone on that daughter of the columbiad.—*Boston Transcript*.

DON'T remark that there's nothing new under the sun. There are sixty new styles of spring bonnets.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

THERE are 795,000 paupers in England, and the crown jewels, if turned into money, would feed them all.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

IF a Vermont man drinks three mugs of cider and takes a nap in the barn during the afternoon, he thinks he has been on a howling old bat.—*Boston Post*.

A NEW YORK circus fires a young lady out of a cannon for sport. Oil City hotels fire young men out of doors for not paying their board.—*Oil City Derrick*.

WHY is it that a woman's heart beats fifteen times less per minute than a man's? Is it because her tongue beats thirty times per minute more?—*Detroit Free Press*.

A SCIENTIFIC article discusses the "longevity of fishes." They are indeed long lived, the greater portion of them being too old to be caught.—*New Haven Register*.

THE Philadelphia *Kronicle-Herald* says that some men upon courting death find her twice as obstinate as an old maid. Perhaps they don't court her with a casket of jewels.

IF Bismarck insists on his resignation, the Emperor William knows our address. Up two flights of stairs and knock at the right-hand door. Don't kick on the panels.—*Hawkeye*.

TENNYSON smokes American navy-plug tobacco. And we suppose—we haven't seen it in print, but we just infer—that Mrs. Tennyson sleeps with a clothes-pin on her nose.—*Hawkeye*.

BACHELORS in Alabama over twenty-five years old are fined \$5 a year, until they marry. But most anyone would prefer a light fine like that to capital punishment.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

WITH his new motor, Keely expects to saw a cord of wood with ten drops of water. Under the old tramp system, it generally takes a pint of whiskey or two quarts of cider.—*N. O. Picayune*.

THERE'S one advantage about these dusty days in Wheeling. No one can tell but what you are as good-looking as the next fellow, and your creditors can't see you ten feet away.—*Wheeling Leader*.

MISS JENNIE V. STANTON, M. D., is lecturing in New York towns on "What Shall We Do With Our Daughters?" First, get your daughters, Jennie. No woman can do anything with her daughters until she has a few.—*Norristown Herald*.

A VERMONT man's mother-in-law was killed by the cars, and he got \$22,000 from the railroad company. And yet there are men just mean enough to say that the son-in-law ought to have felt obligated to pay the money to the railroad company instead of vice versa.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE New York *Tribune* says oleomargarine is pronounced oleomargahreen, with the *g* hard. Nearly all the papers we have seen pronounce oleomargarine have pronounced it a fraud. And perhaps that is the best way, as it requires fewer letters and is much more easily pronounced.—*Norristown Herald*.

A YOUNG lady writes to an exchange: "For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres." O, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a beau, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to remain at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.—*S. F. News Letter*.

AN irate husband threw vitriol in his wife's face in Sacramento lately, in order, we presume, to destroy her beauty. Considering the lady had numbered some fifty-six summers, we think the assault was a work of supererogation. He might have trusted to nature and not tried art.—*S. F. News Letter*.

WHILE at Marshall, Texas, the members of Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore Troupe visited Currie, the murderer, in jail, and sang several songs, which caused him to "weep like a child." And he deserved the punishment, severe as it was. The probabilities are that he will never be hung for his cold-blooded crime, and if he can be punished by having Pinafore sung to him in a cell where he cannot escape, the friends of his victim ought to be satisfied. A Scotch piper or a one-man band might be admitted to his cell to cheer him up a few hours before the Pinafore fiends are introduced.—*Norristown Herald*.

SPECULATOR to old miner in Leadville, handing him a bag of samples: "Gold quartz or carbonates?" The honest miner turned it over in his hand indifferently, took out his knife and picked at it awhile, and then asked: "Got much of it?" "Thousands of tons," answered the other eagerly. "How much do you suppose she'll run?" "Can't tell nothin' without an assay." "But you can guess, can't you?" "Oh, yes, anybody can guess; but a guess is liable to be extravagant. Now, I should say—but, mind ye, I may go over the mark—I should s-a-a-y (turning the specimen over again and holding it up to the light), I should s-a-a-y that if ye can save the gold in this and catch the silver, and not waste the lead, that it might run about - well, about \$2 to the county."—*Unidentified Exchange*.

THE Philadelphia *Bull tin* says Burdette is lying when he prints the following letter in the *Hawkeye*, as coming from General Melikoff:

"My dear Robbie, your favor of the 2d with enclosure of \$15 is at hand. I am eternally obliged, and will hand it to you the first time I meet you in St. Petersburg. Such a time as we had yesterday morning at the Winter Palace! The Czar got out of bed on the wrong side, and was as cross as two sticks. Nothing pleased him, and toward noon he began sinking so rapidly that the court physician was summoned. He talked with His Majesty a few moments and then said to me confidentially: 'He needs excitement; he lacks his usual stimulant. When was he last shot at?' I said, 'Nearly three weeks ago.' The physician shook his head and said it was enough to kill him, and instructed me to do something. So I fixed it all up, and when the Czar was coming down the front stairs, I sprang out from behind a door and hit him an awful clip with a bolster. Somebody else hit him in the face with a snow-ball, we threw him through the glass doors of the conservatory, poured a tub of ice-water over him, fired a shot-gun behind his head, split his coat down the back, emptied a can of kerosene on his head, kicked him down the kitchen stairs, and blacked his eye with a pair of brass knuckles. It would just have done you good to see how the old man brightened up. 'Ah,' he said, rubbing his hands cheerfully, while the doctor was pasting court-plasters all over him, and a couple of attendants were pulling slivers out of his back, 'Ah,' he said, smiling upon us, 'this is something like living. Meliky, dear, cut somebody's head off and we'll go in to breakfast.' Eggs are cheap and butter is scarce. We haven't had any rain for nearly two weeks. Love to your brother John and come and see me some time. Ever yours."

PUCK ON WHEELS!

JAMES McCREERY
BROADWAY & CO. ELEVENTH ST.

LACES

Real and Imitation,
of all Classic and
Novel Fancy Character.

E. Ridley & Sons,
Grand and Allen Sts., N. Y.

NOW ON EXHIBITION
IN ALL OUR DEPARTMENTS,
AN
UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT
OF
Spring and Summer Novelties.

DRESS SILKS,
MILLINERY SILKS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
LACES, WHITE GOODS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

LACE NOVELTIES.
REAL BLONDES, SCARFS AND FICHUS, SPANISH MANTILLAS.
POINT DE NEWPORT, TURKISH TRIMMING AND LACES OF EVERY MANUFACTURE BY THE YARD.

SPECIALTIES IN
GOLD NET AND LACES IN GOLD AND CASHMERE EFFECTS, CROWNS STUDDED WITH PEARL PIGEON BREAST, BLACK AND OTHER COMBINATIONS.

VESTIBULE LACES.
12c., 19c., 20c., 22c., 25c. a yard.

NEW IMPORTATION
Nottingham Curtain Nets.

OUR OWN DESIGNS—At 11c., 12c., 14c., 16c., 18c., 25c., 22c. up to 75c. Yard.
FULL LINE LACE L'AMBREQUINS, from 50c. to \$2 each.
CURTAINS BY THE PAIR. ALL PRICES.

SPREADS,
COUNTERPANES, PIANO AND TABLE COVERS.
WINDOW SHADES AND HOLLANDS, DAMASKS, ETC.

APPLIQUE AND NOTTING AM TIDIES.

IN ANTIQUE, OVAL, ROUND AND SQUARE.

LOT OF TORCHON LACES,
At 4c., 6c., 8c., 10c., 12c., 15c., 18c., 20c. a Yard up to 55c.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,
309, 311, 311½ Grand St.,
56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68 and 70 ALLEN STREET.

AMUSING INCIDENT.

In the days of the old "Collins Line" of Steamers—about 1850—one of the line left New York and having a fairly successful voyage was nearing Liverpool, when a lady passenger became so ill from sea-sickness that her life at one time appeared endangered. She became rigid and hysterical, and it was with extreme difficulty any remedies could be used. None however seemed to give relief until the Surgeon received from the Captain a small quantity of a milky-looking liquid, and succeeded in getting a few spoonfuls of it into the throat of the patient through the side of her mouth. Suddenly the patient's eyes opened, and throwing her arms about the Surgeon's neck she exclaimed "WHO DID IT?" and from that time her recovery was steady and rapid.

That "milky-looking liquid" was two teaspoonfuls of

FRED'K BROWN'S GINGER

mixed in a half-gill of hot water.

Remember! this was the **GENUINE FREDERICK BROWN'S GINGER**—made only in Philadelphia

A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,
JEWELERS.
FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.
DIAMONDS & JEWELS.
Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.



DEPRIVATION.

At the blush of morn I inertly arose,
And sought a refreshing ablution:
Laving my body from head-crown to toes,
In the vaporous bath we term "Russian"—
Then, in trim toggery tastefully clad,
And feeling as bright as a dollar—"Egad!"
Said I to myself: "As no breakfast I've had,
I would not a morsel or two shun."

To a neighboring restaurant therefore I sped,
And ordered a thin slice of bacon,
Fried with a couple of eggs; and I said:
"Unless this court be mistaken,
Here is a feast for peasant or king;
As toothsome a dish as the waiter can bring!"
"Pardon me, sir! I've not eaten a thing,"
Piped a voice so feeble and shaken—

That I stopped my first bite to gaze on a form,
Which seemed to be going to wreck fast,
Like the wave-beaten bark in a merciless storm,
When it's stript of everything deck-fast.
"I've not eaten a thing for three days!" he
replied
To my credulous look; so the eggs that were
fried,
The bacon, six rolls and some coffee beside,
Went to him, and I lost a good breakfast.
— *Erratic Enrique in The Paper.*

EIGHT thousand head of cattle were received
in one day in Chicago last week. We shall
not want for butter.—*Rochester Express.*

THE greatest trouble about the fox-hunting
clubs in New York, says the *Detroit Free Press*,
is, first, to find a fox which won't run into
some grocery-store, and second, to convince
farmers that a ride over a wheat-field helps the
crop.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

J. Krutina

MANUFACTURER OF
ARTISTIC FURNITURE,
IN LATEST STYLES AND FINISH.

Retailing At

MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

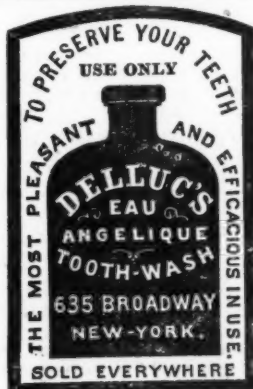
FRESKOING AND WALL PAPERING DONE.

OFFICES TASTEFULLY FITTED UP.

WAREROOMS AND MANUFACTORY,

96 and 98 East Houston Street, N. Y.

STATION OF THE N. Y. ELEVATED RAILROAD (EAST SIDE)
AT THE ENTRANCE.



DELLUC'S BISQUITINE,
S. P. HAIR TONIC,
TOILET WATERS,
SACHETS D'IRIS,
ELIXIR OF CALISAYA.

STANDARD THEATRE. Broadway and 33d St.
W. HARRISON, Proprietor & Manager.

Monday, April 26, WEATHERSBY-GOODWIN FROLIQUES,
in their humorous fantasy.
HOBBIES.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE, at 1.30.
Admission 50c., 50c., \$1 and \$1.50.

"Could you tell me, sir, which is the other side of the street?"
On being told that it was across the way, the tight one said, "that's
what I said, but a fellow over there, smoking Blackwell's
Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco, sent me
over here."

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable
medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure
specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial
in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing
with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest
Bitters in existence.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1028, 78 John St., N. Y.

DOCUTA

CAPSULETS.

Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Com-
plaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Or-
gans. Recent or Chronic. They will cure
any recent case in seven days. The word *Docuta* is on every
box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75
cents. Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed
on receipt of price by **DUNDAS DICK & CO.**, 35 Wooster
Street, New York. Circulars free.

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR,

The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence.

Prepared by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS**,
The manufacturers of the world renowned

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

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Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,



Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Solid Silver & Plated Ware,
363 CANAL STREET,
Betw. N. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., NEW YORK.

Bargains in every department.
American Watches, \$7. Rim Winders, \$12.
Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winders, \$20.
Diamond Studs, \$10. and upwards. Wedding
Rings, \$3. and upwards.
The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest
prices.

Repairing of every description neatly executed.
GOODY SENT C. O. D. TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.
Send for Price List.

SANDIFER,

DIAMOND MERCHANT
5th Avenue Hotel.
NO FANCY PRICES.

J. H. JOHNSTON, Jeweler,
150 Bowery, N. Y.

Headquarters for the purchase and sale of
DUPLICATE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Wanted: 5000 ounces Silverware, highest price paid. Goods
refinished and sold below wholesale rates. Watches by instal-
ment plan. Diamonds and Jewelry below wholesale rates.

J. LUDOVICI'S
STUDIO
AND
PHOTOGRAPHIC
GALLERY,

CRAYON PORTRAITS
A SPECIALTY.

889 BROADWAY, Corner 19th Street.
THOMAS LORD.



PERSONAL.

Sufferer from indigestion,
All the drastic drugs decline,
What you need, beyond all question,
Is that remedy Saline,
TARRANT'S wonderful APERIENT,
Duplicate of Seltzer Spring—
Tonic, Alterative, Cathartic—
Pure, refreshing, comforting.

A. WERNER & CO.,
308 Broadway, N. Y.

(A. WERNER, formerly with G. H. MUMM & Co., Reims the well-known Champagne House.)

Vintage
1878

Just out.

Compares favorably with either Piper Heidsieck or MUMM EXTRA DRY.

"THE AMERICA"
EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.

Per Case, 12 Quarts, \$7.00.
Per Case, 24 Pints, \$8.00.

A. STOECKLEIN,
315 Grand Street, bet. Allen & Orchard Sts., New York,
IMPORTER OF
RHINE, FRENCH & SPANISH WINES.
ALSO,
Ohio, California, Missouri, Delaware and Virginia
Wines; Genuine Port and Sherry Wines;
AS WELL AS THE
BEST BRANDS OF COGNAC & CHAMPAGNES.



It is a wise fly that knows the difference between oleomargarine and butter.—*Hackensack Republican*.

THE *Chicago Journal* says that Sankey's new hymn, "Is Your Lamp Still Burning?" should be inscribed to Edison.

Now it transpires that there isn't a fraction of phosphorus in fish. People in search of brain food will have to chew friction matches.—*New Haven Register*.

"APPOINTMENT" and "interment" is a rhyme sent in by a poet this morning. If he will kindly make the former, we will guaranty that he will get the latter.—*New Haven Register*.

On the Emperor William's birthday congratulations flocked in as thick as the cheers when a ball-player makes a tally on curved pitching. It means something now-a-days when a king scores another year.—*Rochester Express*.

"WHAT earthly use is it," exclaimed a languid Washington swell the other morning, "our twining to be awistocwatic, monarchical and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States eats peanuts while riding in the street-cars. We're nothing but a dim'd horrid republic, after all."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

DID you ever see a cherry's spit?—*Fonkers Gazette*. Yes, but did you ever hear a peach's tone?—*Saratoga Sun*. Aye, and an apple seed.—*Portchester Journal*. We do not copy the foregoing on account of their brilliancy, but merely to remark that the fellow who has "heard an apple seed," must be largely composed of ears.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE joyous and punctual tramp has made his appearance. Like the shy early violet he peeps modestly forth on Broadway, and hangs like the woodbine on the sunny piazza. He laughs a sweet, serene laugh at the sign which says "Beware of the dog," and he eats his cold chicken in peace of mind beside the still waters, and under any man's vine and fig-tree that is most convenient.—*Sunnyside Press*.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

For Neuralgia, Pains and Aches in the Back, Kidneys or Limbs,
—Hop Bitters.

C. PFAFF'S RESTAURANT,

9 W. 24th St. near Broadway, N. Y.

Breakfast from 7 A. M. to 1 P. M. 50 cents.—Table d'hôte from 5—8 P. M. \$1.00, incl. ¼ bottle wine.

Meals at all hours. Furnished rooms to let.

OTTO ZAHN,

(LATE WITH ADAM ZAHN.)

FLORAL DEPOT

No. 251 GRAND STREET.

Bet. Bowery & Chrystie Str. NEW YORK.
(MAMMOTH BASEMENT.)

FRIEDRICHSHALL

BITTERWATER.

To be had of all dealers in Mineral Waters.

POND'S EXTRACT.

No home, no school, no hotel, no sea side cottage, no country farm, no boarding-house should be without this **valuable Family Remedy**. It is astonishing what cures it effects. It does not profess to do EVERYTHING, but it not only professes to, BUT WILL, cure all diseases that are of an **inflammatory** character and stop all **bleeding**. Hence its wondrous efficacy in **Catarrh, Hoarseness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diphtheria, and Sore Throat**.

Caution.—POND'S EXTRACT is sold only in bottles with the name blown in the glass.

It is unsafe to use other articles with our directions. Insist on POND'S EXTRACT. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

G. H. MUMM & CO'S
CHAMPAGNE.

IMPORTATION IN 1879,

49,312 CASES,

OR

22,526 Cases MORE

than of any other brand.

CAUTION.—Beware of imposition or mistakes, owing to the great similarity of caps and labels, under which inferior brands of Champagne are sold.

In ordering G. H. MUMM & CO.'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear its name and initials.

FRED'K. DE BARY & CO.,

New York,

Sole Agents in the U. S. and Canada.

RUINART PERE & FILS CHAMPAGNES.

Established 1729. Connoisseurs pronounce recent shipments of these Wines to be unequalled in quality.

Verzenay, dry, full bodied, rich flavor.

Carte Blanche, Fruity, delicate flavor, not too dry.

DODGE, CAMMEYER & CO.,

16 Cortlandt St., Sole Agents for the United States.

THE PUREST CHAMPAGNE



IMPORTED IN THE U. S.

L. DE VENOGÉ,

37 South William Street, New York.

GENERAL AGENT.

For Sale by all the Principal Wine Merchants and Grocers.



D. A. MAYER,

IMPORTER OF

HUNGARIAN WINES.

526 BROADWAY

ALSO,

103 & 105 E. 14th St., New York.

THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES WHERE HUNGARIAN WINES ARE SOLD, WHICH HAS BEEN AWARDED FOR "PURITY" AND "SUPERIOR QUALITY" BY THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS, 1876.

No connection with any other House in the United States.

Arnold, Constable & CO.

Having decided to Close out their Boys' Clothing Department, are now offering the entire Stock of Kilt and Pant Suits, Coats, Ulsters, &c., manufactured from the latest designs and materials. Purchasers will find this Stock well worthy their attention.

Broadway & 19th Street.

Arnold, Constable & CO.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Black and Colored Surahs—White, Black, and Solid Colored Satin de Lyons. Persian and Tinsel Brocades for Coats and Trimmings. Fancy, Plain and Glace Louisines—and an elegant Stock of Black Brocades for Overdresses, &c., together with a large line of Plain Black and Fancy Colored Failles, Taffetas, Satins, &c.

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Novelties in Coaching and Dress Parasols, American and English Umbrellas, for Sun and Rain.

Broadway & 19th Street.

A. Weidmann & Co.,

Nos. 244 & 248 Grand St., New York,
Importers of

COSTUMERS MATERIALS,
Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles, etc.

A complete assortment of

MASKS.

Manufacturers of the patented "Humpty Dumpty" Faces.
Sample lots of Masks for the trade, comprising the most desirable styles, from five Dollars upwards.

JOHN A. DODGE & CO.,
BANKERS AND STOCK BROKERS,
19 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Buy and carry stocks on 3 to 5 per cent. margin, and execute orders for Stock Privilege Contracts at favorable rates. Full information on all matters relating to Stock speculation furnished on application. Weekly Report of movements in the Stock market sent free.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SENSIBLE ETIQUETTE OF THE BEST SOCIETY.
By Mrs. H. O. Ward. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Health and Health Resorts," published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, is a useful book for the well-to-do valetudinarian. Dr. John Wilson, who was formerly Medical Inspector of Camps and Hospitals in the United States Army, is the author. From a hygienic point of view he describes Nice, Pau, Ems, Kissingen, Carlsbad, and other favorite resorts. It must make the average American reader, provided he has the cash, almost long to be sick, in order to find an excuse for residing at some of these places.

THE West Point investigation is finding out nothing very rapidly.—*New Haven Register*.

If the man who invented sleep were alive he could sue the deliverers of long sermons for infringement.—*Wheeling Leader*.

CHINAMEN never eat butter.—*N. Y. Express*. Americans seldom do, since the introduction of Oilymargarine.—*New Haven Register*.

HIPPOPOTAMI are troubled with trichinae, and it might be well, in asking your butcher for hippopotamed head, to be sure that he gives you a healthy article.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

HERE is four months of leap year nearly gone, and yet when a young man gets into a crowded horse car the girls are too timid to invite him to take a seat in their laps.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

"Emma R." asks the Springfield (O.) *Tribune* this extraordinary question: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged to him?" Whereupon the editor gets off a very extraordinary lie. "We have had no experience in the matter referred to." Why didn't he say, "If it was our girl and our lap, yes; if it was another girl and our lap, yes; but if it was our girl and another fellow's lap, never."—*Chicago Tribune*.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

R. H. MACY & CO.

CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THEIR OWN MAKE OF GENTLEMEN'S

DRESS SHIRTS.

Unlaundried 89c.

Laundried 94c., \$1.19.

THEY ARE GUARANTEED GENUINE WAMSUTTA MUSLIN, AND CANNOT BE EQUALLED BY ANY OTHER HOUSE.

Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs.

WE MANUFACTURE AT OUR OWN FACTORY IN TROY, AND SELL THEM AT RETAIL AS LOW AS DEALERS PAY FOR THEM AT WHOLESALE.

GENTLEMEN'S NECKWEAR.

EVERY NOVELTY IS ON OUR COUNTER AS SOON AS OUT. WE MANUFACTURE NEARLY OUR ENTIRE STOCK.

OUR PRICES ARE BELOW COMPETITION.

Mail Orders a Specialty and Promptly Filled.

CATALOGUES MAILED FREE.

R. H. MACY & CO.,
14th St. and 6th Avenue, New York.

1880 **JONES** 1840

CHOICE SPRING GOODS.

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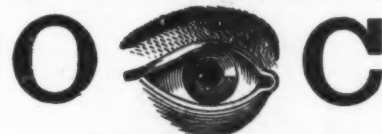
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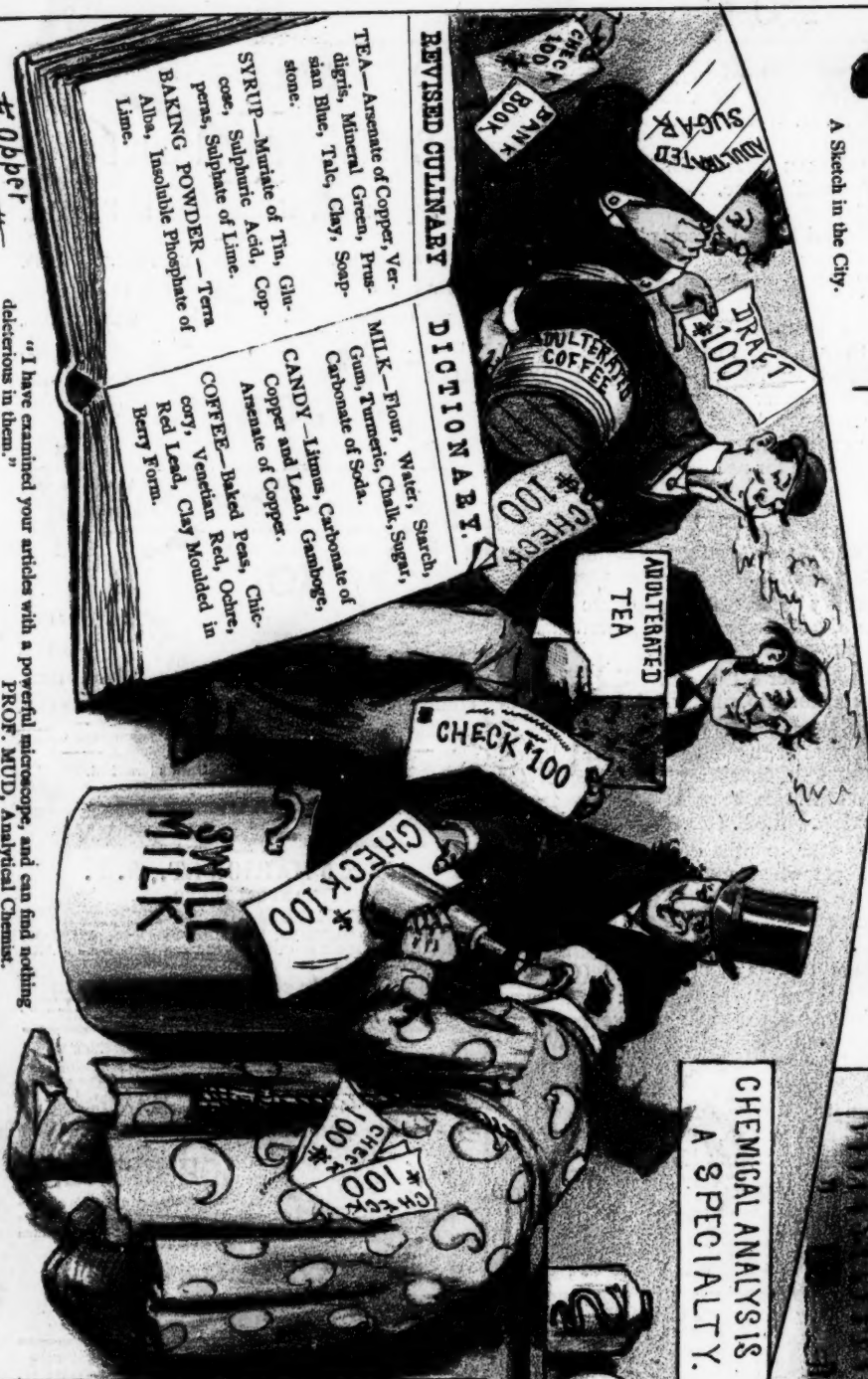
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